



So graceful in its folds of silk—
The banner of the free!
The spirit born at Lexington,
That fought at Bunker Hill,
And stood through tears and greater strife,
Shall bear thee onward still.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the welkin rings
From rugged coast of Maine!
From far Pacific's golden shore
Comes answer back again!
Brave sailor hands shall raise to-day
In pride on every sea
"Old Glory!" lit by fadeless stars,
The banner of the free!

The blood of gray and valiant sires,
Warm coursing through our veins,
Is quickened by the happy dawn
And thrilled by martial strains.
Our loyal anthem's notes are heard
Alike in every shade,
Their echoes fill the slinging pine
And cheer the everglade.

The plow-share in the furrow waits
To turn the fertile field,
Enwrought in peace from patriot steel
That ne'er to wrong would yield.
Unshotted gun gives glad salute
'Neath liberty's green tree,
White North and South together sing
The banner of the free!
—Henry Denver, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

MICKEY EMMETT'S
FOURTH
BY JOHN RAFFERTY

HE'S a man now, and a good one, but July 4, 1872, he was a freckled-faced, barefooted school-boy in Elwood, Kan. He's a division superintendent on the Illinois Central railroad now, and he writes his name "M. R. Emmett, Supt.," but in those days he was known at the village school as Mickey Emmett. Of course Michael Robert Emmett would have been more distinguished and deferential, but in those days he didn't go in much for style, and with the memory of his dead father's fine Irish brogue yet ringing in his ears, "Mickey" sounded all right.

Mickey's widowed mother "kept cows." Nobody called her little establishment a "dairy" except herself, but she managed to eke out a decent living for herself and Mickey, and she was proud of her ambition to give him an education and prouder of the fact that he always was first at his studies.

But when the glorious Fourth of 1872 drew near, Mickey made an eloquent plea for some fireworks. He wanted to show his patriotism. He had an ambition to make as much noise as the other boys, and his heart rebelled at the suggestion that "t'was a waste of money." The widow promised him a flag.

"O'll giv yez a two-bit flag," said she, "an' take yez over t' the picnic at Lake Contrary. They's t' be a balloon ascension and free for wurrucks, and it will cost us both only four-bits."

Mickey preferred to make bedlam in his own yard, but the widow was bent on the picnic, and the boy agreed to go. It was the balloon that fascinated the lad. He was no sooner on the picnic grounds than he sought out the cord-netted bag of yellow, with its wicker basket, its anchor and its gapping mouth. When the great charcoal fire was kindled and the pipe inserted into the big balloon Mickey was the busiest lad in the neighborhood. His good mother watched him and cautioned him a hundred times, but he hovered about the balloon like a bee at an alfalfa blossom.

Finally, the aeronaut, Prof. Winball, came forth with a bath robe flowing gracefully from his shoulders. His spangled tights gleamed in the hot sunlight, and he superintended the inflation of his balloon with the careless confidence of a master. Mickey redoubled his efforts to help so great a man. He helped to lift the sand bags into the car, and as the yellow bulb, like a monstrous orange, bobbed upward in its efforts to be free, the little Irish boy was beside himself with delight. He hopped into the basket a dozen times. The professor smiled beamingly upon him and asked: "Will you go up with me, little man?"

Mickey glanced at his mother, who shook her head fiercely, and then he dodged away again into the crowd. Fifty stout arms were now holding the guy ropes which confined the balloon. The day was perfect. Not a breath of wind disturbed the air. The smoke from the little steamer in the lake curled straight upward in a widening cone of gray. The trees were motionless. No cloud specked the blue sky, the water lay flat and shining like a mirror in the sun.

"Now, my friends," thundered Prof. Winball, casting aside his robe and standing forth resplendent in the sunlight, "when I shout: 'Let go!' you must all loose holds upon the ropes."

The volunteer assistants chorused: "All right." Then there was a wait while the professor looked after some carrier pigeons that were to accompany him in the ascent. Somebody shouted: "Let go!" The restraining ropes were dropped with one accord, and the balloon, tenantless and like a rayless planet, rose upward from the ground.

Then the round, brown, freckled face of a small boy peeped over the rim of the basket. A woman screamed and fainted, and Mickey Emmett, the small boy of Elwood, Kan., went sailing toward the zenith alone in a slender basket, swinging by four taut cords, with the upward sweeping bulb of yellow silk lifting him beyond the sound of voices and into the measureless space where the winds are free and the world is but a silver-striped ball of green and yellow.

"When I looked over the edge of that basket," said Superintendent Emmett, telling the story yesterday: "I didn't realize that I was going up. For five minutes or more it seemed to me that the earth had suddenly dropped downward into space. I heard my mother scream and was vaguely convinced that she had felt the earth dropping under her and was frightened. It didn't occur to me that I was in danger. I rather felt that I was lucky to be in a balloon at the very moment when the world fell from its place. I speculated upon what would happen when the globe went crash against the moon, and selfishly chuckled at the thought that I, at least, wouldn't be in the smash-up."

"The only breeze I felt seemed to come straight down from above. I dropped my cap out and it fell like a pound of lead. Then, for the first time, I began to realize that I was going up and the earth was standing still, doing business in the same old place. For a quarter of an hour the ground below me looked like a concave basin. The

down upon a miniature thunder storm. But finally I remembered that it was the Fourth, and then I knew that the disturbed area upon which I saw so many little darting lights was St. Joe and its evening display of Roman candles, rockets and bombs. They all seemed very trifling and pitiful to me then, and I remembered conceiving a genuine contempt for so small a thing as a pack or even a box of firecrackers.

"Then I noticed that the breeze no longer blew downward upon my bare head. I watched the bag which had been rotund and bulging, and saw that its sides were dented and flabby. I found a package of cards in the basket, advertisements for the balloonist, and throwing them out saw that they sailed lazily upward.

"'I'm falling!' I murmured, and for the first time became conscious of the most terrible fear. My hair was rather long, and stood on end partly with terror and partly from the upward draught through which I was descending more rapidly each second. The moon peeped over the eastern hills suddenly, and then I could see the earth again, luminous in a pale green glow and apparently soaring steadily toward me. Then I could see blotches of darker shadowy green, the river looked broader, and now I could see the lake as if coming up directly under me, silvery blue. Then I heard a murmur as of many distant voices which grew louder and louder. I heard cheers and looked over for the last time. I was falling so swiftly now that I prayed and thought of my mother by turns. Then I covered my face with my hands and waited for the crash.

"But suddenly the basket in which I crouched stopped with a sudden jerk, and then the big silken bag came softly rustling down over me. I felt another gentle bump, the voices were ringing in my ears, and I felt a hundred hands pulling away at the empty balloon. When I came to I was in a hammock on the porch of the little hotel near the lake. I



LIKE A RAYLESS PLANET, ROSE UPWARD FROM THE GROUND.

horizon seemed like the high outer rim, and below me, so far that the people looked like small bugs, was the bottom of the hollow dish. To the west, like a yellow ribbon, winding among green fields and forests and squares of golden harvest field, the Missouri river lay flashing in the sun. Lake Contrary, a sheet of water four miles long, looked like the half-closed, blue eye of a woman. St. Joe, smokeless and spangled with tin roofs and glass, seemed almost beneath me, like a toy village on a checkerboard, its hills flattened and its streets merely dotted with crawling specks.

"It must have been past six o'clock in the evening when the balloon let go. The sun was low, and yet before it set beyond the Kansas plains the world no longer looked flat. Just as the sun, monstrous in size and brazen with the dull color that you have seen at sunset, struck the horizon, the world suddenly assumed the appearance of a globe. The lake below me, now looking like a silver dime, seemed like the apex of the sphere, and then, as the sun dropped below the sky line, shadows crept about it. I saw, like stars reflected in the water, the city's lights shining dimly below. Soon the globe, down upon which I gazed with fascinating interest, lost all color. The pale lights seemed to be swimming round and round. But yet my balloon, still in the sun's half light, was luminous with a pale yellow glow.

"I became fascinated with the sparks of light and streaks of fiery red that then began to glimmer and flash in tiny lines and arcs upon the earth. Sometimes a muffled roar like that of thunder and then the crack of lesser noises would reach my ears, and I began to fancy that I was far above the clouds and was looking

wasn't hurt in the least, and my mother, laughing, crying and thanking God in her reverent old Irish way, was holding my hands. I had descended within a hundred yards of the place I had started from and had spent nearly three hours at a great altitude. Of course my mother was wild with fear, but Prof. Winball, who knew his business, reassured her somewhat by his own certainty that the absolute stillness of the air would insure my safe descent near by. His only worry was that I'd fall in the lake, and a score of boats were patrolling the waters watching for me. The balloon anchor was what caused the first jolt as I swept downward, but it broke the force of the fall and probably saved me from a broken limb at least. No, I never went near a balloon again, but I'm not sorry for the experience."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lively Times Ahead.
"Well," sighed the first, "I must get ready for a day of hard work."
"Me, too," returned the second.
"I was referring to the Fourth of July," explained the first.
"Me, too," returned the second.
"You! Why, what's your business?"
"I'm a fireman. And yours?"
"I'm an ambulance doctor."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Good Thing for the Boys.
"Oh, yes, our boys always have a nice time on the Fourth," he said, with a chuckle that had in it all the music of soapbuds gurgling out of a bathtub. "You see my wife's old maid aunt lives with us and she never fails to have a fit when a firecracker goes off under her chair."—Chicago Record-Herald.

FOR THE GLORY OF THE FLAG
A FOURTH OF JULY STORY
BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

"DON'T think I've slept a wink all night. Those confounded cannon crack as have been exploding since midnight. If I had my way—"
"You would strike Fourth of July from the calendar, eh, papa?"
Col. Johnstone whirled about in his walk up and down the gallery to face his daughter, framed in the doorway. She looked so



"You Should Put On a Red, White and Blue Sash!"

fresh and beautiful in her light summer gown, with a bouquet of pansies at her throat, that the frown disappeared from the father's face and a proud, glad light shone in his eyes.

"You are superior to nature, Mabel," he said, holding out his hands in welcome. "I do believe you would look like a rose new-washed in dew, if you did not sleep for a fortnight."

"But I do sleep, papa. When one is happy one doesn't mind noise, even of cannon crackers."

"I should have to be in a state of ecstatic bliss not to mind 'em. The roar of a battlefield is music, compared to this infernal banging."

"You forget, sir, that they are celebrating the independence of this glorious America. I am ashamed for you. Where is your patriotism?" She released her hands, put them behind her, and looked at him with all the severity she could command.

"The Goddess of Liberty offended with one of her subjects! By Jove! the role is becoming. You should put on a red, white and blue sash and sit on the platform at the celebration to-day."

A wave of color swept over the neck and face of the girl. "I wish I might, papa, or—that is, I wish very much to hear the speaking in the grove to-day. You will take me, won't you?"

Go over there to be jammed about in a crowd of crazy idiots who think they are showing their patriotism by shooting off firecrackers and making spread-eagle speeches? I'd like to please you, daughter, but you will have to wish again."

"I'm sure it would be good fun, papa, and I want to hear the speaking. Capt. Tolliver is going to speak, and—"
"Tolliver! What is he doing here?"
"He is just back from the Philippines on leave of absence, and has consented to make an address."

Col. Johnstone took two or three turns up and down the gallery. Then, coming to his daughter, he said, slowly:
"You know, Mabel, how I feel toward Tolliver. He is the son of my old comrade and I have tried to make a man of him. But he is a dreamer. He has refused to accept a position in the bank, where he might learn to earn a living. He went to this war against my express wishes. He is ungrateful as well as foolish."

"I'm sure you misjudge him, papa. Capt. Tolliver is doing what he thinks right. He believes he ought to make his own way in the world, as you have done."

"He has no right to ask you to suffer for his Quixotic notions. If he had stayed with me I would have made a man of him."

"That's just it, papa; he doesn't want any one to make a man of him. He wants to be one himself. Isn't that better?"
"He's a dreamer, Mabel, and there is no place in this world for dreamers. But, there, never mind. We'll go to the celebration, if your heart is set on it. Come and pour the coffee, and we'll have breakfast. Drat that cracker! I'll see to it next year that none of them are brought inside the road gate. We'll hear what young Tolliver has to say, but that's all. He is milk and water, a dreamer. The fellow might have had a good position in my bank. Now, he must look out for himself."

Quite a crowd had assembled in Oak grove when Mabel and her father drove up. Col. Johnstone was the most prominent man in the community, and was greeted on all hands with homely words of welcome. He tied his horse in the shade of a sugar maple, and his daughter moved slowly along toward the platform, before which temporary seats had been arranged for those who wished to listen to the exercises. Groups of people were scattered about on the grass under the trees, surrounded by baskets of food and delicacies, for there was to be an old-fashioned picnic at the conclusion of the speaking, and almost everybody had come prepared to stay the day out. Boys were running about begging fire to set off their crackers, or flourishing toy pistols in a way that threatened the eyesight of half

the company. Young men and maidens strolled about the grounds, chanting patriotic songs, or gossiped in knots under the friendly oaks.

Col. Johnstone found a seat for his daughter and himself near the platform. The band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," the presiding officer and the speakers filed onto the stage, the seats quickly filled, and the literary programme of the day began. Every reference to the freedom and glory of the United States, and they were many and eloquent, was cheered to the echo. It was a typical company of American citizens, bent on making the most of the one day in the year set apart to commemorate the brave deeds of their forefathers.

At last the chairman introduced Capt. Tolliver, the hero, he said, fresh from the battlefield of the war in which the United States was at present engaged. The young officer arose and began at once to speak. He made no attempt at oratory, but told in a simple, soldierly way of the trials and struggles of his fellow soldiers in the far-away orient. He pictured the benefits which were to come to the country with the new possessions, how America had at last taken its rightful place among the nations of the earth, and how the flag, which waved above them there on this anniversary of the greatest day in the history of the country, was loved and revered by the men who were fighting under its shadow across seas, among strangers, for the honor and glory of America.

Just here a bulky form arose from one of the middle benches, and, pushing its way into the aisle, came forward near the platform. It was Jim Darrow, the bully of the township, and reckoned as one of the most quarrelsome men in the community. When the people saw him approaching the platform, they moved uneasily in their seats, for they divined he meant some insult to the speaker.

"What right have you in the Philippines, Ned Tolliver?" he shouted, hoarsely.
"The right of a soldier fighting for his country," replied the young officer, calmly.
"You lie. You are all a set of thieves and murderers. You joined the army because you couldn't make a living at home, and now you are taking it out of a helpless lot of niggers. You are a lot of thieves and—"
Capt. Tolliver sprang from the platform and faced the bully. The bronzed face had an ashen color, but his eye flashed and his voice was ringing and firm:
"Take back what you've said, Jim Darrow."

"I don't take back nothin'!"
The slender, compact form of the captain straightened, the clenched hand shot out from the shoulder, there was a dull, crush-



"I Don't Take Back Nothin'."

ing sound, and the bully swayed and fell in a heap between the seats. Then the captain sprang lightly back upon the platform and began to speak as though nothing had happened to interrupt him. But the crowd, which had sat breathless for the moment, suddenly awoke to the situation, and, rising as one, began to cheer. A dozen men ran down the aisle, and, grabbing the bully, who was slowly rising to his feet, fairly dragged him off the grounds.

Col. Johnstone was the first to reach the platform. He grasped Tolliver's hand as he hurried to his side, and said: "By the honor of a soldier, you are a man. Hang it, sir, you may dream as much as you want to. You were right. A bank is no place for you. Forgive me and come home with us to dinner. Mabel is here, and wants to see you."

And that night, as the three sat in the moonlit gallery, the colonel took his pipe from his mouth to say: "I didn't think it was in you, Tolliver. Dreamer! Gad, I never saw a prettier knock-down in my life. You are worthy the best and sweetest girl in the country, and you shall have her, whether you come into the bank or not."

His Mother's Darling

MY NIECE, Mary, was always a well-meaning girl, but she would say the wrong things almost every time," said one old gentleman to another; and she's got a boy that's going to be her very counterpart."

The old man's eyes twinkled, and his plain, good-natured face was puckered with enjoyment, as he drew from his pocketbook a small sheet of note paper.
"I sent Hal a toy-monkey last year, that plays all kinds of pranks when it's wound up," he chuckled. "Sent it to him for his birthday, which happens on the Fourth of July. Now, listen to this letter of thanks I got from him. He's just eight years old:

"Dear Uncle Ned: I am delited with the monkey, thank you. He makes me think of you often. And whenever mamma winds him up and he begins to jump, mamma and I feel as if we were back at your house where all those toys are, and mamma will look at the monkey and say: 'That's your Uncle Ned all over.'
"Good-by, from
"Your greatfull HAL."